

THE
BED of HONOUR.

To which is annex'd, the

SEASONS:

A
P O E M.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the

Earl of *ALBEMARLE*, &c.

By the AUTHOR of The TEMPLE of
WAR and REVIEW.

Si Chartæ fileant, quod bene feceris.
Mercedem tuleris. *neque*
Horat.

Printed for the AUTHOR.

MDCCLXXXII.

1184

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46

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By the AUTHOR of The Temple of
War and Review.

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the
Museum, London.

Printed for the AUTHOR.

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THE
BED of HONOUR.

Rhenus & Ister erunt testes, &c.



ONCE more, stern God of War, once
more inspire
Thy Poet's Lays, and stir the sacred Fire;
Who from red Fields seest, with exulting Eyes,
Ramparts of Slain, and Hills on Hills arise.
Aid this Attempt, Dread MARS, and I submit
The copious Theme is unexhausted yet!
Deep memorable Wounds, and glorious Scars,
The Victor's Palm and Period of our Wars,

I sing: His Seat of Rest, his End and Gains,
 And deathless Laurels won in hot Campaigns.
 No barren Subject doth the Labour claim,

The Fields of HONOUR, are the Fields of FAME;
 Ourselves, than ROME, have ampler Glory shar'd,
 By them, but one; by us, two Worlds rever'd.

Our studious YOUTH grown emulous to bear,
 The Tolls of SIEGE, and covetous to hear
 The Bastion's Roar, and Thunder of the War;

First in Conception, gloriously surveys,

Herculean Labours, and immortal Praise;

Bent full on GLORY, whence his Actions flow,

He springs to Fame, and plunges in the Foe.

Sieges and *Storms* are to his Fancy brought,

He towers an ATLAS, and 's as fix'd in Thought:

Conquests, and Laurels, in Idea roll,

And all the HERO rises in his Soul.

When

When th' awful Pomp, the solemn Tubes declare,
 And loud-mouth'd Engines animate the War;
 In mind Serene undauntedly he stands,
 And burns t' obey his Leader's just Commands.
 No Sense of Fear he shews, if e'er distress't,
 Nor feels the Jav'ins fasten'd in his Breast:
 The reeking Steel he sees, and dares the Stroke,
 In Floods of Crimson, and in Clouds of Smoke.
 Intrepid still the dauntless YOUTH appears,
 With Darts o'er-planted, and transfix'd with Spears;
 Till Death at last, the bloody Conquest crowns,
 And Scarlet Life flows from a thousand Wounds.
 Such Zeal, such Fervour, is for Fame confess't,
 Such Thirst of GLORY fires a BRITON's Breast!
 BRITAIN the Guardian of the World's Repose,
 Like her old ROME, and like her ATHENS rose.
 DEATH, in all Forms, her fearless Sons despise,
 Yet melt when Conquerours, with—pitying Eyes:

O greatest Glory of the Bold and Brave,
They scorn to Kill, when they've a Pow'r to Save.

But MUSE, let's see, whence all these Honours flow,
That crown our Brows, and to what Source we owe
Th' Effect: By strictest Discipline we're aw'd,
We've SENATORS at Home, and GENERALS Abroad;
As they direct, our Standards are unfurl'd,
To calm Rebellion, and compose the World.

Like them in ARTS, like them in ARMS renown'd,
Young AMMON's Temples were with Laurels crown'd;
Sure Pledge of Conquest, if such Zeal ensue,
From Arts like these, the *Roman* Glory grew.
To train their YOUTH to Arms, their Practice were,
The Publick still, and Government their Care:
Brave Generals still, the bravest Actions know,
And Conduct always vanquisheth the Foe.

THIS, cut thro' devious ALPS, and Ways untrod,
Made BRUNSWICK fam'd, and HERCULES a God:

THIS,

This, sheds a Terror over Earth, and Seas,
 And Conquest comes, but by such Steps as these
 To win more Honours then, by Sea and Land,
 Guide us a CLOUDSLEY, or a CHURCHILL's Hand?
 In Counsels skill'd, and politically known,
 To fight our Battles, and support the Throne.
 Give us, ye Gods, such Leaders fill to fear,
 Give us a WILLS—Not lost, nor too severe,
 Or GUISE, like him, by all the Field approv'd,
 Like him regarded, and like him belov'd:
 In God-like Breasts aspiring Virtues roll,
 And temper'd Generals win the Soldier's Soul.
 A proof of which see ALBEMARLE afford;
 How the tall Youth now languish for their LORD.
 Th' Indulgent NOBEL found a gen'rous way,
 Sooth'd them to Arms, and charm'd them to obey;
 For YOU, My LORD, what wou'd their Zeal not do?
 For YOU they'd conquer, and wou'd die for YOU.

But

But ah! no more, the lov'd^d Command they boast;
 And now they want You, they lament You most;
 Unhappy Instance of uncommon Care,
 So rare we prize the Blessings that we share;
 Yet still thy Hand unlimited extends,
 Far to the South, where fair EUROPE ends;
 Where the *Brown Youth* bask in Meridian Day,
 And feel both Thine, and *Phœbus*' liv'ning Ray;
 There the fam'd Rock, with fruitful Foliage crown'd,
 Rises to Heav'n, and sheds it's Fragrance round;
 Pregnant with Springs, th' Inhabitant espies
 Both Food and Physick from it's Cliffs arise.
 Dread Seat! where Kings did erst in Bulwark reign,
 The Strength of EUROPE, and Offence of SPAIN;
 So far, ye Gods, can ALBEMARLE impart,
 His distant Warmth, to melt a Soldier's Heart.

* His Lordship's Granadiers chang'd for a Regiment in Gibraltar.

But

But say, my Muse, what Language can disclose
 The fearless Marches of advancing Foes;
 When Armies, Armies meet, small space between,
 And solemn WAR in beauteous Order's seen?
 Slowly they forward move, in firm Array;
 While the bright Armour, either Hosts display,
 Reflects the SUN, and glanceth on the DAY.
 Their ARMS aslope rise equally inclin'd,
 Like Groves of Osiers bending to the Wind:
 The pompous Prospect, in immortal Lays,
 A PINDAR only, or a POPE shou'd praise.

Yet the bold MUSE revives the Field to view,
 And Fancy here paints out the Scenes anew,
 Thought can't contain, with *Delphick* Fire possess't,
 The warm Description boiling in the Breast.
 While slow in Pace, they gradually move,
 Th' embattl'd Squadrons seem an Iron Grove:
 The red'ning Plain puts all his Ensigns on,
 The Zephyrs furl 'em, and the Pomp's begun.

O wond'rous Thirst of Fame! Immortal Fire!
 Lasting as Time, unquench'd as our Desire:
 From brazen TUBES, the loud-lung'd Thunder flies,
 And sulph'rous Clouds in whirling Volumes rise.
 The massy Pounder's pointed where to fall,
 And Lanes of Carriage, Tracts of flying Ball;
 The leading Chiefs now round their Generals throng,
 And grizly Havock strides the Field along.
 Swift Orders circle, and each Post's assign'd,
 And doubtful Conquest yet to none's inclin'd.

Not so when Vict'ry turns the doubtful Scale,
 The Conquerors press, and as they press prevail;
 Swift, wing'd with Death, the pond'rous Bullet flies,
 And certain Ruin, stalks before their Eyes:
 The hot-womb'd Tubes lie rang'd in Form before,
 And distant Hills re-murmur to the Roar:
 In Clouds of Smoke, the sulph'rous Engines play,
 Snatch Heav'n from view, and curtain up the Day.

Th' embowel'd Bomb descending, sure to wound,
 Bursts from the Blaze, and sheds its Entrails round;

From

(O I)

(I I)

From the scorch'd Air, indiff'rently, on all,
Oppos'd t' it's Rage the scatter'd Fragments fall,
And sparkling, Comet-like, its fiery Train,
Arches its Course, and gives the Gazer Pain :
The Veteran Soldier, 'nur'd to bloody Plains,
That stood the Brunt of may-be ten Campaigns ;
Cover'd with glorious Wounds now prostrate lies,
Rejoic'd — that in his Country's Cause he dies :
And left a Groan disgrace, resigns his Breath,
With manly Pangs, and even frowns in Death.

But oh ! What Pen can paint, what MUSE declare,
The various Turns, and Havock of a WAR :
When lawless Steel, deals sudden Death to all,
And private HEROES undistinguish'd fall ?
Description sickens, where it wonders most,
And wilder'd Fancy's in Confusion lost :
For who can think the Terrors of the Plain,
Who pencil Hills, and Mountains of the Slain !
The thousand sprightly Youths that meet their Doom,
Raw to the Field, and Champions in their Bloom :

Who to the Life e'er drew a MARS in Arms,
 Or who an AJAX when the Battle warms?
 When close contending Combatants engage,
 And the Fight kindles to a ten-fold Rage?
 APOLLO must: and tho' his Sons decline
 Th' immortal Task, yet be the Labour mine.
 A lawless Impulse bids the MUSE go on,
 And sing the Trophies that ALBANIA'S won:
 Trophies for ever Green, unbound to Times,
 To narrow Limits, or domestick Climes.
 But when she wills, the Sword of *Justice* draws,
 Exacts Obedience, and distributes Laws:
 Her floating Forests, whom no Seas contain,
 Stretch their white Canvas o'er the subject MAIN.
 And now anew, the watry World t' explore,
 I lead the Thought thro' Tracts untry'd before:
 And sing how Oozy Ocean smoothly laves
 Our Piny Turrets riding on his Waves.
 When swelling Gales arise, and a fair Breeze
 Unfurls the Sails, that deck the lofty Trees:

Their

Their swollen Bellies, smoothly balanc'd, move
 The pendant Streamers waving from above:
 Not show'ry IRIS such a Prospect yields,
 When from her convex Arch she paints the Fields:
 As do the various Flags our Navy shows,
 When *Zephyrs* fan them, or when *Boreas* blows.
 A-wide the Squadrons float before, behind,
 The Sanguine Streamers waving in the Wind;
 Their strong-ribb'd Wombs, the yielding Seas divide,
 Bound o'er the Surge, or smoothly stem the Tide.
 In Battle's Line, drawn up in Form Array,
 The watry Forest floats along the Sea:
 The boldest Feats still ready to perform,
 Brave all the Billows, and confront the Storm.

But when they grapple, then's the tug of WAR,
 A Thirst of Glory burns in ev'ry TAR;
 Fierce on the Foe the Sea-bred Heroes charge,
 And ALBION shouts for Victory and GEORGE.
 The grateful Terms *Neptunian* Pines re-bound,
 From Shroud to Shroud, and catch the flying Sound;

'A Night of Smoke (the On-set once begun)
 Involves all Heav'n, and intercepts the Sun;
 Chain'd *Iron-Globes* a breadth of Ruin fly,
 And the lost Rigging dooms the Danger nigh:
 From pitchy Planks, the res'nous Flames aspire,
 In Curls of Smoke, and shoot up Tongues of Fire.
 The pregnant Boom too, Mariners' dire Bane,
 Tear up whole Decks, and thunder o'er the Main.
 O dreadful Conflict! where no flying saves
 The sinking Sailor, struggling with the Waves:
 The Waves in vain, his mangl'd Arms divide,
 The Sea-Nymphs lave him, bleeding on the Tide.
 'Amaz'd they see the Slaughter in their view,
 And Crimson Blushes stain their Azure Hue:
 The Cannon roars aloud, the Shores around,
 And distant Hills re-murmur to the Sound.
 Her shatter'd Ribs, the naked Hulk bewails,
 Shorn of her Rigging, and un-wing'd with Sails:
 Here springs a Plank, and there the Main-Mast flies,
 And Death in various Forms salutes their Eyes.

Here thro' a Wound, that lets in Death on all,
 The briny Sea pursues the flying Ball:
 Down to the Deep immerg'd at once they go,
 To visit Grotts and Coral Groves below.
 Some on the Summit of a Wave are seen,
 And some just sinking in the Vale between:
 Some swim the Surface, cover'dous of Shore,
 Their Boat their Body, and their Arm their Oar.

He 'ad Heart of Brass, sure Eyes unus'd to weep,
 'That first, thus brav'd the Terrors of the Deep;
 Who fearless saw the finny Monsters play,
 Unmov'd, and dar'd the Dangers of the Sea.
 But what can daunt us, what our Sailors harm,
 Beneath the Conduct of a WAGNER's Arm?
 Proud SPAIN yet trembles at th' ARMADA's Name,
 And owns the Force of great ELIZA's Fame.
 From Pole to Pole, the ambient World all know,
 That as we've Landmen, so we've Seamen too.

Thus ever let's our Part in Glory share,
 When Honour bids, 'tis God-like still to dare:

But

But say, what crowns the hardy Warriour's Pains,
 What his Rewards, and what his glorious Gains?
 Immortal Characters, Eternal Lays,
 Record his Actions, and dilate his Praise:
 The letter'd Marbles of our hallow'd * Shrine,
 Preserve him fresh, and glow in ev'ry Line.
 The Lecture warms, while we each Deed rehearse,
 In *Parian* Pillars and immortal Verse.
 And near where THAMES devolves his Silver Waves,
 Thro' fruitful Fields and bord'ring Meadows laves:
 Where the fair Streams, in wrinkling Curlets glide,
 And moisten'd Valleys court the fatt'ning Tide;
 Two separate † Domes incomparably fair,
 Receive their Heroes from the Toils of WAR.

Here MARS'S Sons, the hardy old Remains
 Of strong-nerv'd Youths are 'warded for their Pains;
 Here a *Quietus* to obtain they're sure,
 Here rest from WAR, and future Toils secure.

* Westminster-Abbey. † Greenwich and Chelsea.

Here too recount their Trophies—yet in Thought
 Legions are routed, and whole Armies fought :
 Inspir'd a-new, Heroick Feats they tell,
 What brave Commanders for their Country fell:
 To list'ning Crouds they tune the mournful Tale,
 The list'ning Crouds the mighty Chiefs bewail ;
 Tho' Old and Stiff, they applaud the Paths of *Fame*,
 And bless the Memry of the Founder's NAME.



THE

YEAR



THE
SEASONS:

A
P O E M.

Hoc erat in Votis — Horat.



WHEN thro' the *Ram*, *Sol* takes his
swift Career,

And genial Heat unbinds the hoary

YEAR;

When pregnant Nature gives her Offspring birth,
And opes the Bosom of the teeming Earth :

Retire,

Retire, ye Muses, to the Rural Meads,
 And sing the Fragrance of sequester'd Shades:
 Amidst the Groves, the Springs, and painted Fields,
 The sweet Confusion that the Country yields:
 Such as the Seat where HALIFAX surveys
 His vernal Glories, and improves his Bays:
 Near *Hampton's* Palace, sees his Wildings grow,
 And prunes his Laurels for his Monarch's Brow.

Let green-rob'd *Spring*, first midst the Rural Throng
 Muse, claim your Measures, and employ your Song:
 First ope the Year, with the returning SUN,
 Then paint the circling SEASONS, as they run.
 'Tis then the Trees, unlabour'd Habits wear,
 And living Flowers breathe Aromatick Air:
 The fleecy Cloud prolifick Moisture yields,
 And silver Show'rs, impearl the laughing Fields.
 Hence new-born Beauties, lift their graceful Heads,
 And sweet Profusion decks th' enamell'd Meads:
 Gay *Bushy-Park*, delight of ALBION's Queen,
 For ever Fragrant, and for ever Green,

Can give the Muse a Theme, can wide display
 A lavish Prospect, redolent and gay.
 Here Nature smiles, and strikes the wond'ring Eyes,
 To see the Groves so regularly rise :
 ART too improves the Sylvan Scenes around,
 And Heav'n's Indulgence wantons on the Ground.

Here 'tis BRITANNIA's Chief, from Noise retreats,
 T' indulge the Pleasures of his Rural Seats :
 Sweet Wilderness of Bliss ! Delightful Air !
 As *Richmond* pleasing, and as *Windſor* fair.
 The MONARCH here, emparadis'd, surveys
 Thy lovely Groves, thy Lawns and blooming Bays :
 Far round what sweet Vicissitudes appear,
 Thy various Pleasures, crown the circling Year.

Thy beauteous Mansion, HALIFAX, the Muse
 Halts at—amaz'd ! and wonders what she does :
 What Fancy swells not to describe thy Shades,
 Thy tubous Aqueducts, and sweet Cascades.
 Here spicy Breezes fan the Dog-Star's Heat,
 And spissive Shades, project a cool Retreat :

There

There od'rous Buds and Flowers profus'ly bloom,
 And scent the fragrant Air with rich Perfume.
 No grating Sound the Sacred Fields infest,
 Noise here is hush, and Care itself's at rest.

Say, MUSE, how Nature swells the sprouting Grain,
 What flow'ry Carpets spread the fruitful Plain:
 How the green Prospect courts the wond'ring Sight,
 Regales the Senses, and provokes Delight.
 Hence Mirth it's Source derives, hence Liquors flow,
 And *Bacchus* blushes on the bending Bough:
 Hence jolly Rusticks, PAN and PÆAN praise,
 And Nymphs, and Graces join in Choral Lays.
 While sprouting SPRING, broods pregnant on the
 Ground,

And Groves and Plains, are with green Chaplets
 crown'd.

She loves the Meads, and with a lavish Hand,
 Sheds scatter'd Beauties, and enrobes the Land:
 Th' admiring Herd survey the flow'ry Soil,
 Graze all the Sweets, and spring upon the Spoil.

Nor with less Ravishment, new Scenes appear,
 Usher fresh Prospects, and drive round the Year:
 When Summer's Face, with blended Glory's dress'd,
 How Love, luxuriant, plays upon her Breast!
 The feather'd Warblers of the Groves declare
 Th' enormous Bliss, that wantons ev'ry where.

Old Reverend *Thames*, as thro' the Lawns he glides,
 Views his fring'd Banks, and meets--opposing Tides:
 The Nymphs his Daughters, Domes and stately Trees,
 And Regal Seats, in the smooth Surface sees.
 To Him, the lesser Rivers urge their way,
 To Him, their tributary Waves they pay:
 Here watry Willows, rise a crooked Row,
 And Osier Groves, wave o'er his fruitful Brow.

Hampton's fair Court, that BRITAIN'S Chief infolds,
Hampton the fairest Structure, He beholds!
 Here lifts his beauteous Bulk, here, awful stands,
 And sways the Sceptre o'er rebellious Lands.
 Hence, Mighty SOVEREIGN, dictate to us Law,
 And teach thy Subjects, and the *Spaniard* Awe:

That

That all thy Days, soft Quiet may sustain,
Nor Scenes but these, disturb thy peaceful Reign.

O sweet Retreat, from City-Cares, may Thou
Still furnish Laurels for thy MONARCH'S Brow:

But on, my Muse, with the harmonious Round,
Such Themes for Thee, are vastly too profound.

Say how the Groves in beauteous Order rise,

'And lift their leafy Arms unto the Skies:

To Groves and Plains thy Lay's more fitly due,

Sing HAMPTON'S Praise, and HALIFAX'S too.

But dare not soar, on too too vent'rous Wings,

None but a POPE shou'd celebrate our Kings.

Pursue thy own first Method then, and bind

The new Ideas, rising to the Mind;

'And further on, let's from thy Subject see,

The waxen Labours of th' industrious Bee.

Who when Earth's cloath'd, with Dews and genial

Show'rs,

Drinks his rich Nectar from the breathing Flow'rs:

'And from mellifluous Urns, with daily Pains,
 Feeds, with Ambrosial Juice, the Rural Swains;
 Hence learn whence Common-wealths their Bless-
 sings share,
 That KINGDOMS stand, by Industry and Care.
 Forgive me, Bards, if with unpolish'd Lays,
 I here dilate me in the Country's Praise:
 When endless Prospects variously invite,
 'And ev'ry Prospect's pleasing to the Sight.
 Here far around, improving Art's display'd,
 'And social Trees, project a lovely Shade;
 The ravish'd Swains behold with sweet Surprise
 The numerous Glories that arrest their Eyes.
 Here, gay Deception! Now perhaps they see
 The fair Despection of a downward Tree:
 On some smooth Riv'let's Brink, pleas'd to behold
 The Nairs gliding upon Sands of Gold;
 Or where the Pebbles hoarser Rills caress,
 And fondly circle round the Necks they press:

Lay them to rest upon their tufted Side,
And drink the Musick of the gurgling Tide.

How gay's the Scene when murmuring Gales arise,
And Zephyrs breathe it, from the Western Skies :
The genial Breezes on the Groves descend,
Stir all the Fields, and their gay Surface bend :
Th' unsteady Leaves, sport on their Native Trees,
Play, as they're fann'd, and quiver with the Breeze.

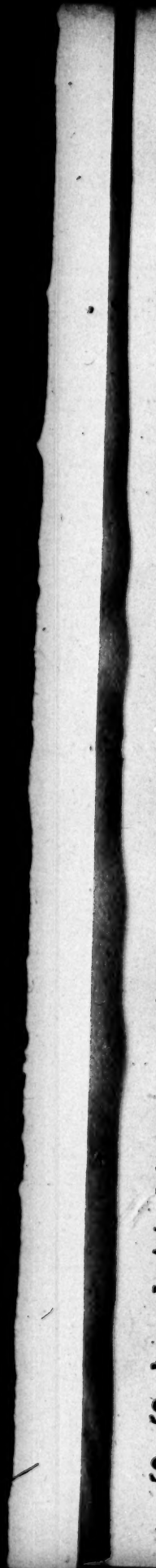
O sure, who 'midst such sacred Bowers do live,
Reap all the Sweets the teeming Earth can give :
Here od'rous Buds, and Flowers profusely bloom,
And scent the fragrant Air with rich Perfume.
Here see they all, that lavish Nature yields,
The bearded Product of luxuriant Fields :
Around their Seats, their Shades Romantick spread,
Th' unlabour'd Beauties of their tow'ring Head.

Ceres they see, with coming Plenty, rise
And reap the Favours of indulgent Skies :
When in her party-colour'd Robes sh' appears,
She glads the Farmer, and rewards his Years.
Her Golden Tresses various Forms display,
Bend with the Storm, and with the Tempest play ;

The busy Noise, from shooken Stems, arise
 Wave o'er the Lawns, and murmur to the Skies.
 Preparing Rusticks re-assume their Toil,
 And reap their Wishes, from the fruitful Soil.

Now yellow AUTUMN her gay Product yields,
 They mow their Meadows, and unclothe their Fields:
 Blossoms no more, nor turgid Buds, we see,
 The vernal Promise of a pregnant Tree;
 But blushing Globes on burthen'd Branches grow,
 And rip'ning Fruits incline the laded Bough:
 Their bending Arms their pendant Pride display,
 Ambrosial Sweets and beauteous Green Array.
 Whilst wishful Youths rejoice in ev'ry Bower,
 And shake down Plenty in a fruitful Shower:
 These with delight their juicy Hopes behold,
 And drink their Nectar from the falling Gold.
 The bending Trees resign their promis'd Store,
 They heave the Head they lately bow'd before;
 And drop the Golden Harvest which they bore.

Ceres amidst unmeasur'd Plenty rolls,
 And fills, with sparkling Drink, their flowing Bowls:



The lavish Goddess loads the teeming Ground,
 With wheaten Wreaths, and sleepy Poppies crown'd.
 O with what Joy, the ravish'd *Hind* surveys
 The wealthy Product of his lab'ring Days!
 When lodg'd in Barns his bearded Treasure lies,
 From Thieves secure, and thatch'd from wintry Skies.

Diff'ring Delights, the circling Times maintain,
 A Round of Pleasure varies ev'ry Scene:
 When the full Plains resign their ripen'd Store,
 And Stubble Land's where *Ceres* stood before.
 When coming *BOREAS*, breathes on all around,
 And crusts with Frosts, the Surface of the Ground:
 When watry *Sol* darts forth a sickly Ray,
 And feebler Sun-beams warm the short'ning Day.

The courtly Youths to find their Game prepare,
 Or rouse the Stag, or start the lonely Hare:
 Here *ALBION*'s Chief oft' with a goodly Train,
 Bounds it Majestick o'er the verdant Plain,
 Thro' ferny Fields, where fatten'd Ven'son use,
 And thick-sprung Groves, the weeping Hart pursues:
 So great Diversion rises from the Field,
 So great a Pleasure such a Chase must yield!

Nor is this all, the curious Eyes survey,
 When *Southern* Suns, contract the wintry Day :
 The tim'rous Hare her doubtful Form forsakes,
 And yields fresh Pastime, when her Rounds she takes.
 Whilst deep-mouth'd Hounds, in solemn Pomp, pursue,
 Dwell on the Scent, and snuff the tainted Dew :
 With Transport fir'd, the Huntsmen hear the cry,
 Bear on their Steeds, and o'er the Ditches fly.
 The nimble Puss before the Coursers run,
 The Dogs are loo'd on, and the Sports begun :
 Now *Fowler's* cheated, doubling on the Foil,
 And the Scent's scatter'd, on the doubtful Soil.
 But oh! how soon stanch *Swift-foot* finds the way,
 Hits off the Fault, and opens to the Prey !
 The hark'ning Hounds, the glorious Task begun,
 With nimble Speed, prevent the rising SUN ;
 Prone on the Game, they give a loose, and scorn
 The bryary Bramble, and the prickly Thorn :
 Till stiff'ning late, her sidling Steps give way,
 Her Feet forsake her, and her Life betray.

Now winds the Horn, and now the Youths retreat,
 A pompous Train, unto their courtly Seat :

Where

Where loaded Tables, are with Plenty crown'd,
 And circling Bumpers, dance a chearful Round.
 Here they recount the Pastimes of the Day,
 The Horsemen thrown, and smear'd with glorious
 : Clay;

Each talks in turn, tells how the Hare was slain,
 And eaten Puls is hunted o'er again.

Nor art thou wanting to thy own Recess,
 Great Patron, whom these Sweets conspire to bless;
 Whene'er thy Prince, shall to thy Grotts repair,
 To breathe the Ev'ning, or the Morning Air.
 Here thou, My LORD, select from busy Cares,
 From City Tumults, and from State-Affairs;
 Can'st (when the Times invite) survey thy Fields,
 And reap the Quiet, thy RETIREMENT yields.
 On this the Sweets of Life have ever hung,
 Of such a Life the tuneful PRIOR sung:

*"When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
 "And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
 Where silken Ease hears no tumultuous Sound,
 Nor restless Coaches, in their circling Round:*

That while they're drove, the trembling Pavement
 feels,
 The deaf'ning Thunder of their crashing Wheels.
 Carts meeting Carts, Men jostling Men along,
 And noisy News-boys, mingling in the throng :
 Such Sight as these, are wild to Rural Eyes,
 Such Seats as thine, a lovelier Scene supplies,
 Here ever live, my HAPPY LORD, and here
 Reap the gay Product of the golden Year ;
 Late, may'st thou, late, thy Paradise behold,
 Late, hear thy Prince pure wholesome Laws unfold,
 And quaff the Peace, th' enjoy'd in Days of old ;
 When flow'ry Prospects fed the careless Hind,
 On mossy Banks, his artless Bed, reclin'd ;
 When Nymphs and Swains did in soft Concord join,
 And liv'd by CERES, and the GOD of WINE.



F I N I S.

